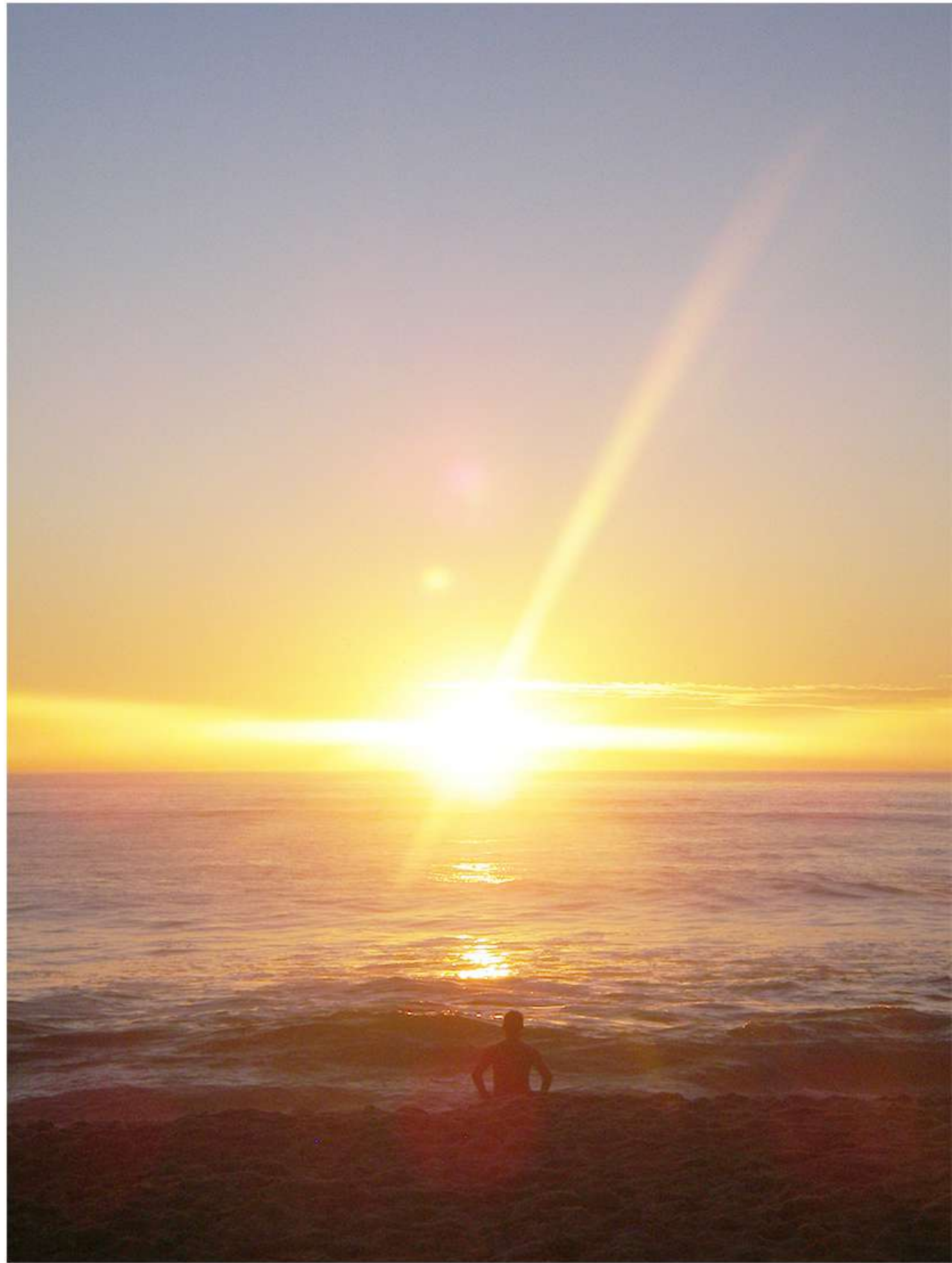


202511112





*I have tried in the apricity of mid-November to take lesson from the sun, which warms the flesh in delicate moments broken by the shade of context, and so I linger in places for as long as the feeling allows*







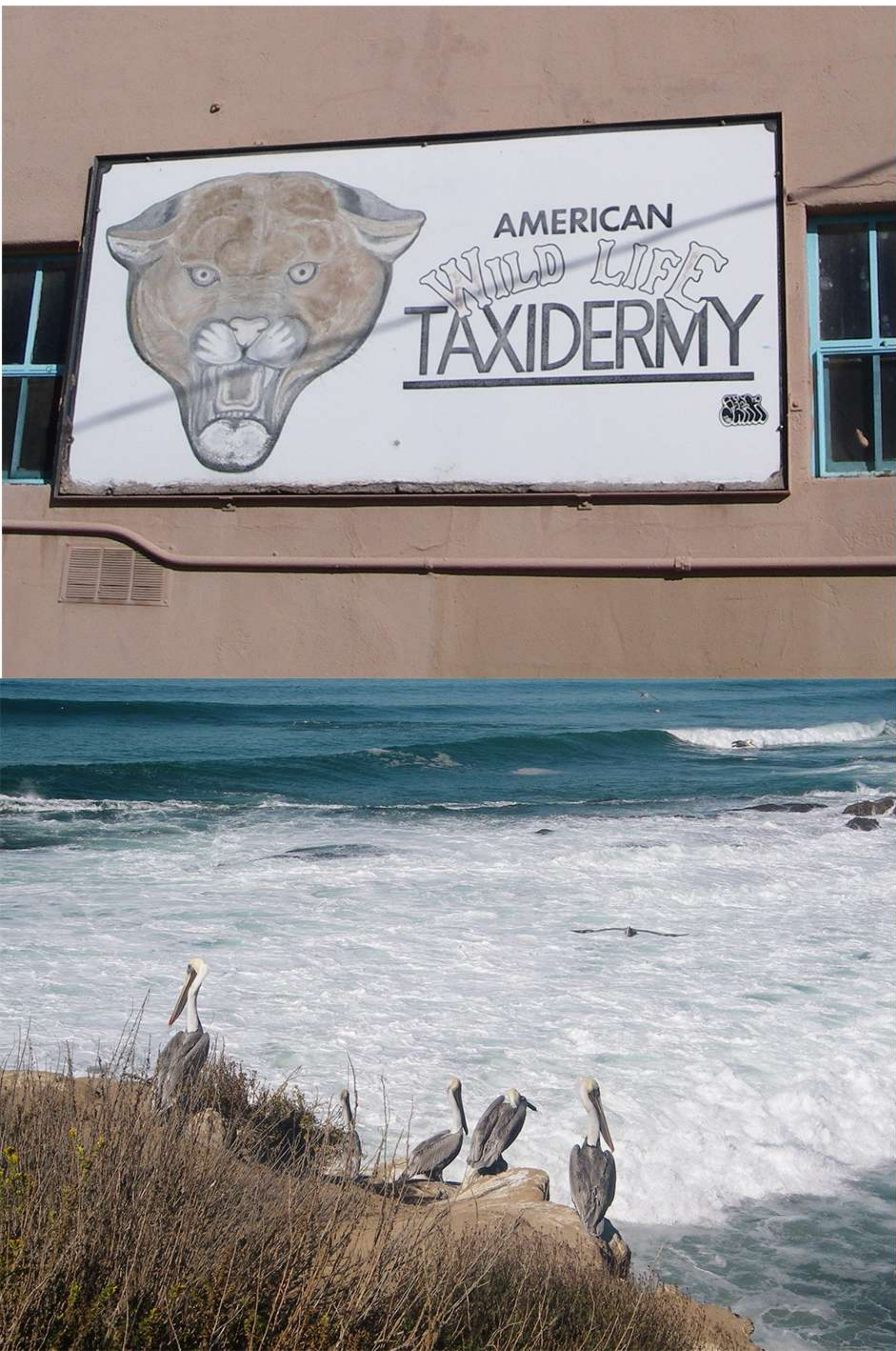




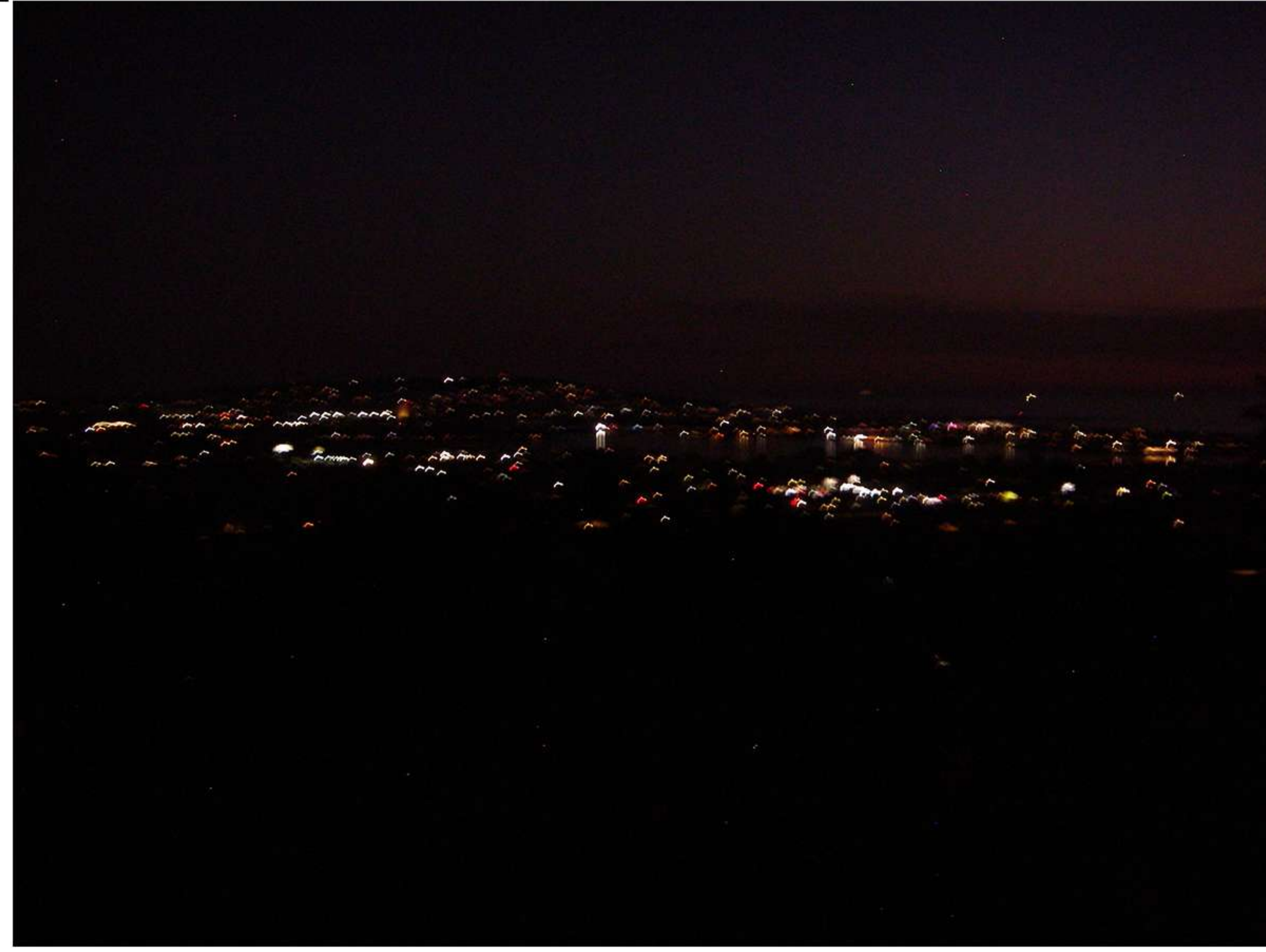
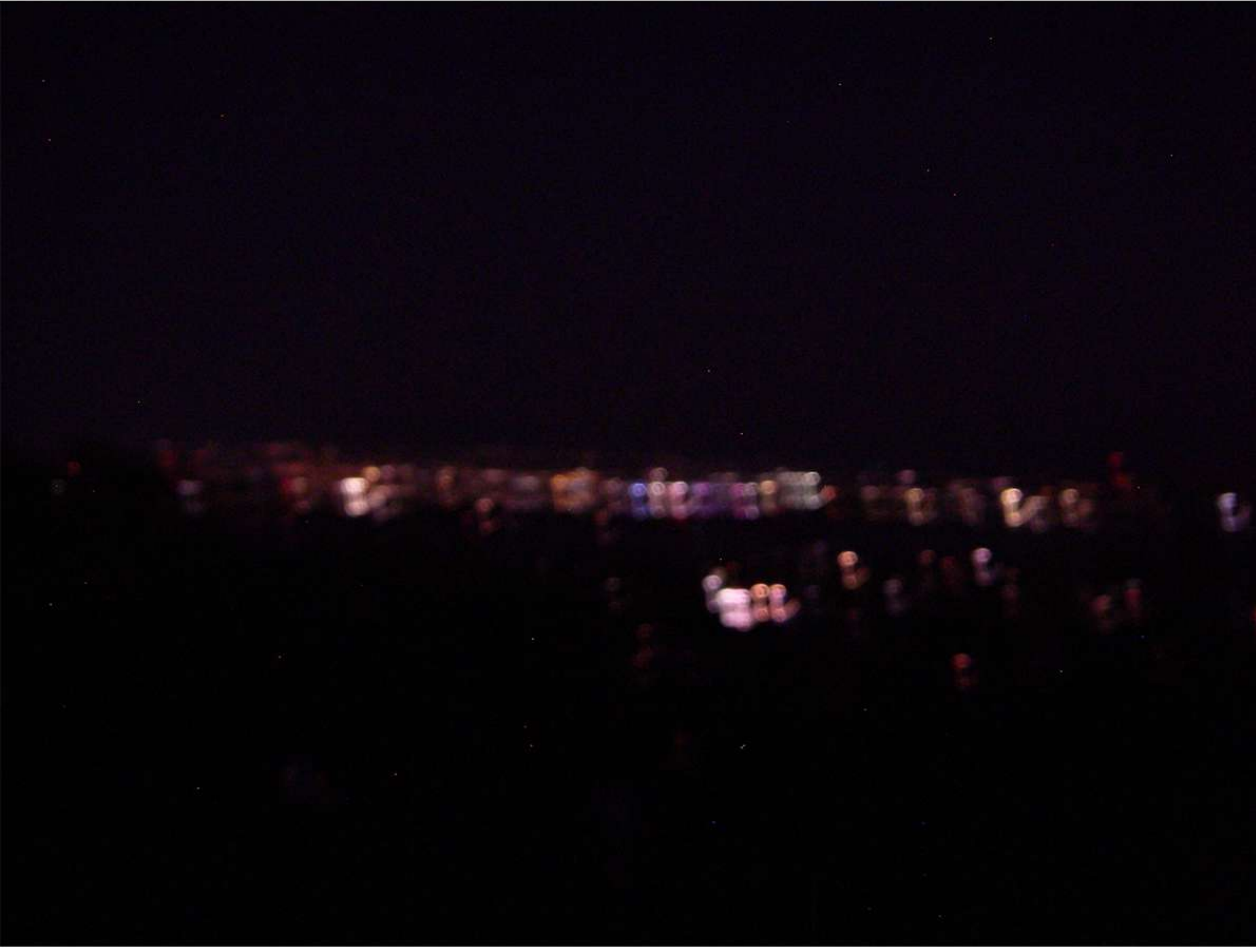
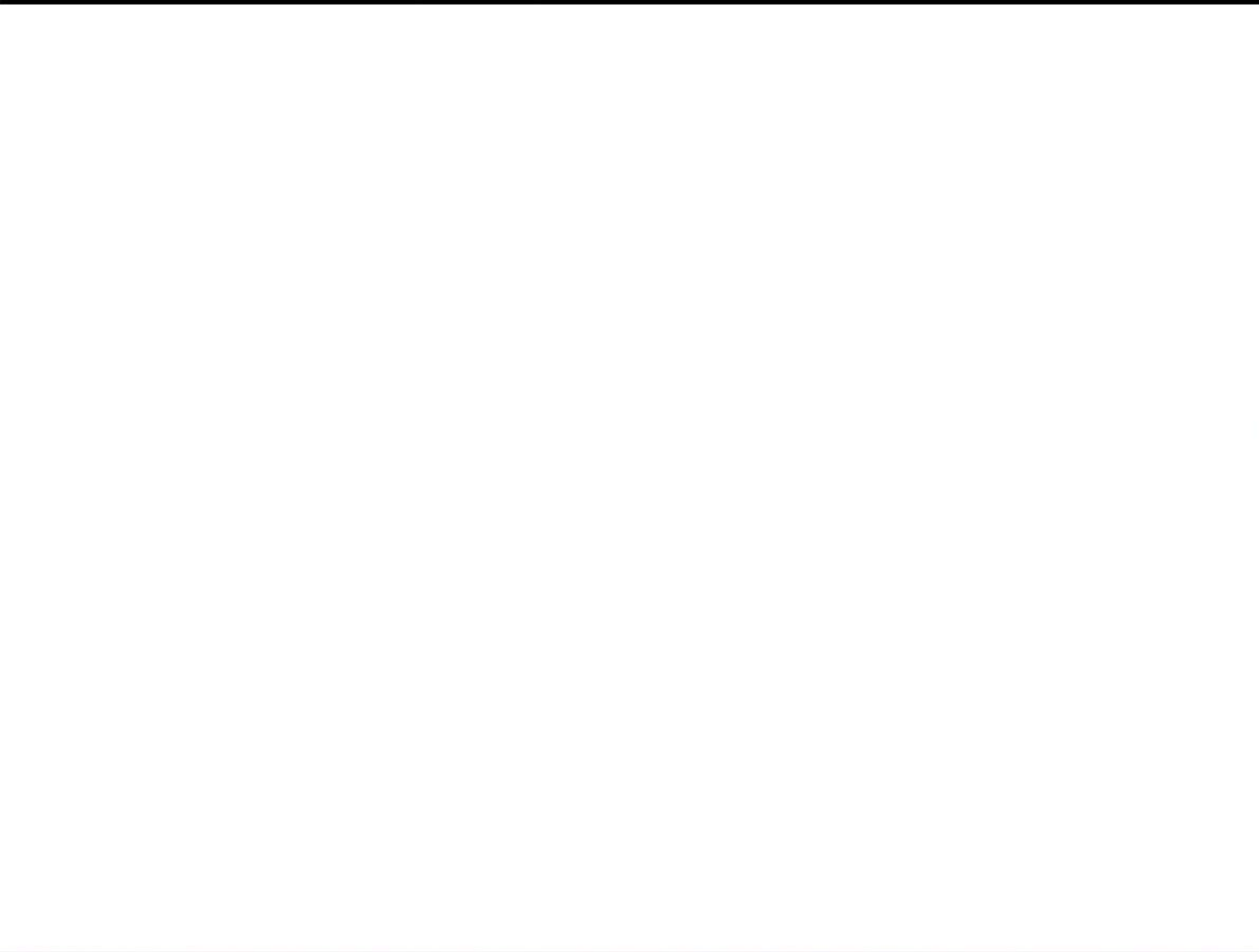
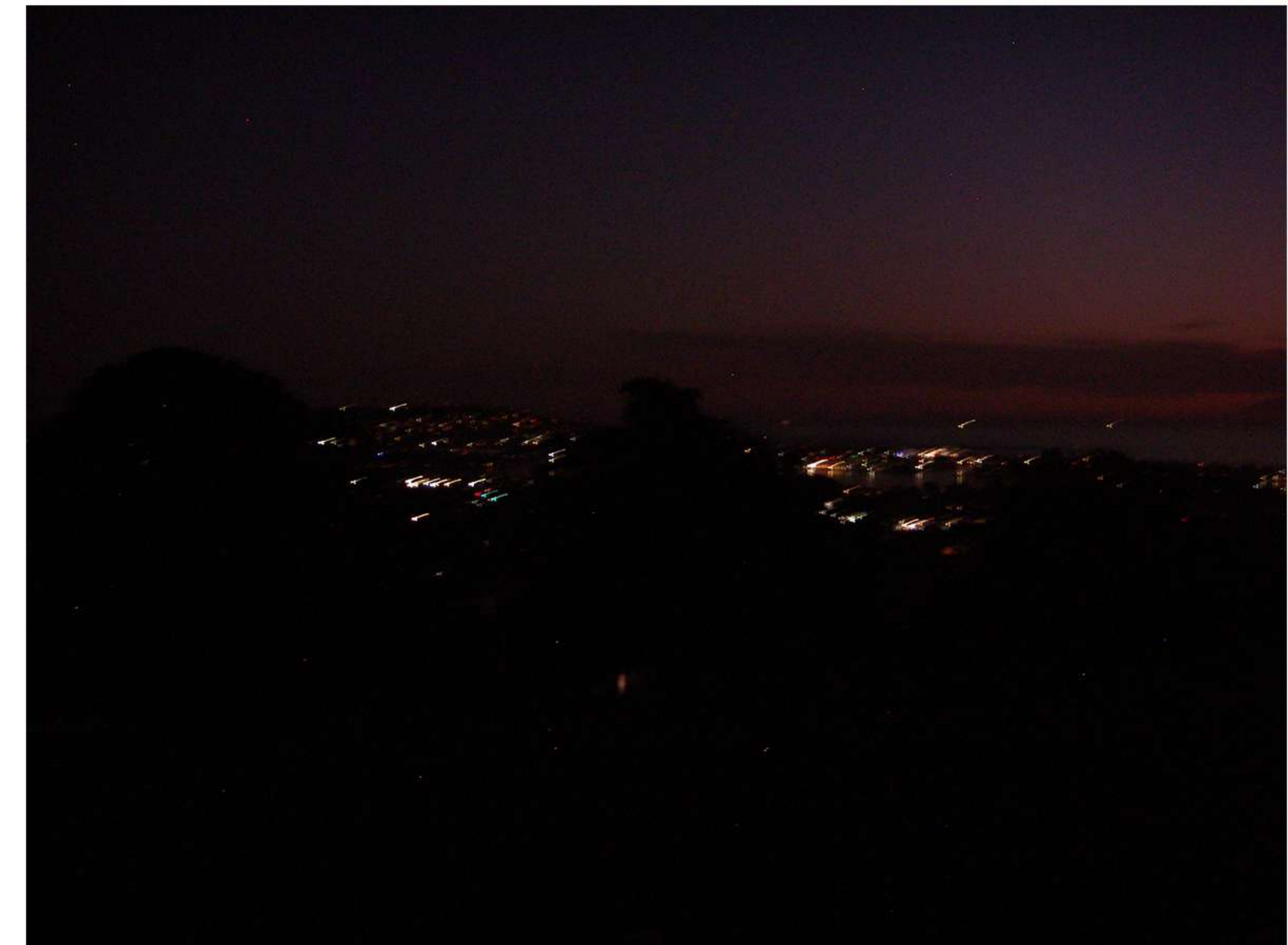




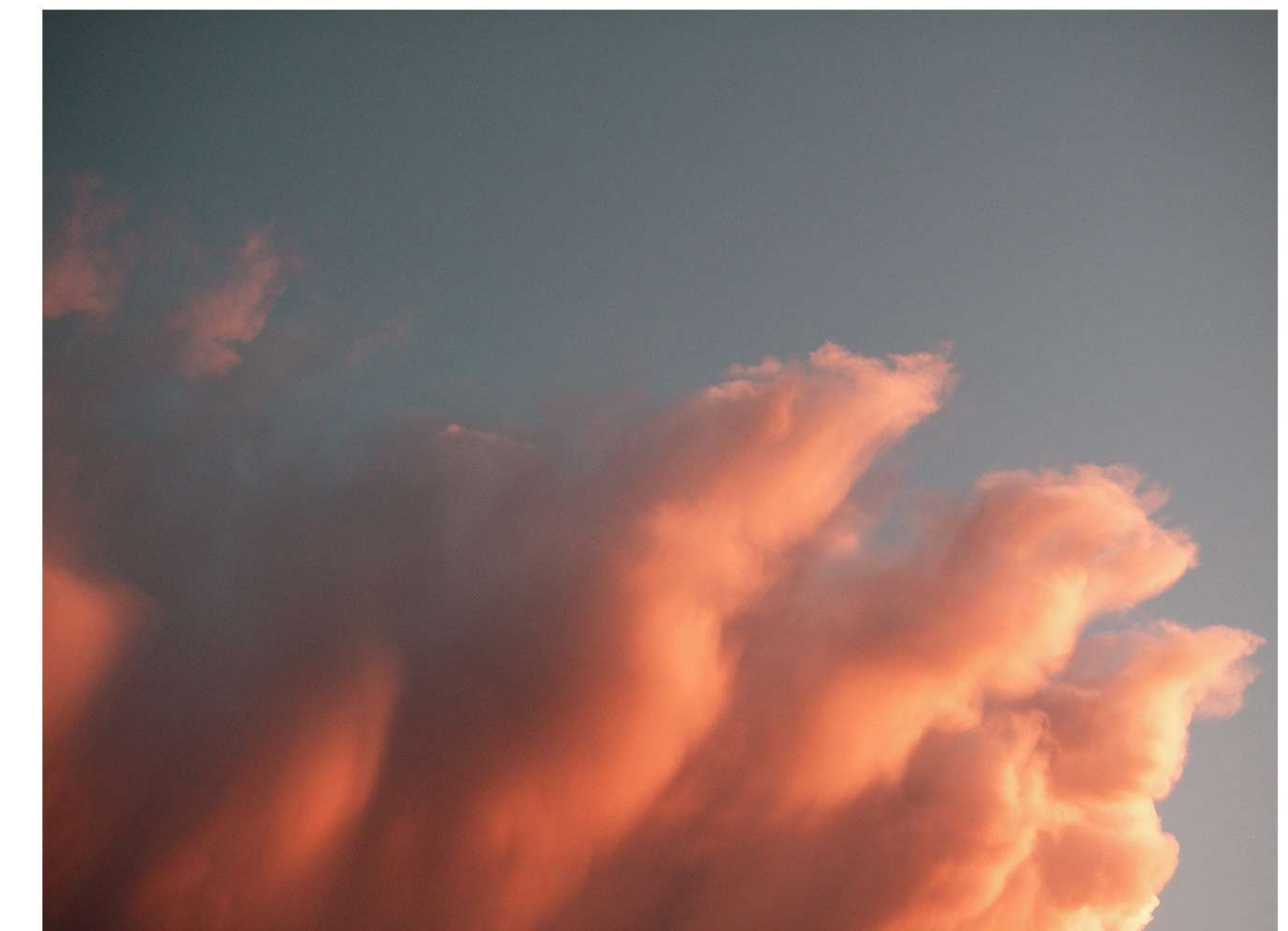












*I have tried to wait for the end of November in my room of many homes and landlords who bind me back to fortune overhead, where my blood was born to the light that named me.*